

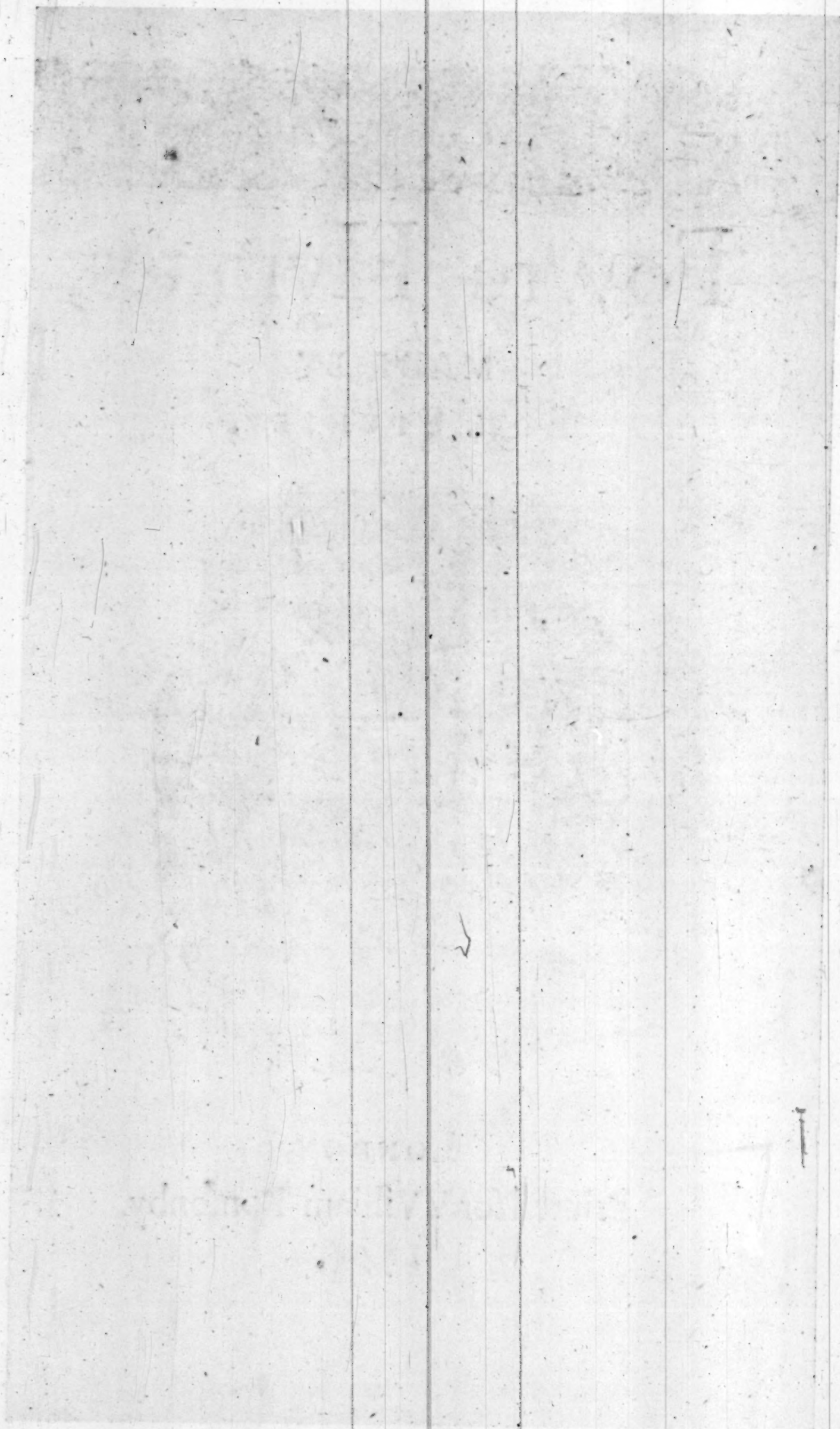


Fowvre Hymnes,

MADE BY
EDM. SPENSER.



LONDON,
Printed for VVilliam Ponsonby.
1596.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS Ladies, the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwicke.

Having in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of Love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age & dispositiō, which being too vehemently caried with that kind of affection,

do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then hony to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to doe, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making in stead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestially. The which I doe dedicate ioynntly vnto you two honorable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one

and the other kinde, humbly beseeching you to vouch-
safe the patronage of them, and to accept this my hum-
ble seruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable
faouours which ye dayly shew vnto me, untill such time
as I may by better meanes yeeld you some more notable
testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull deuotion.

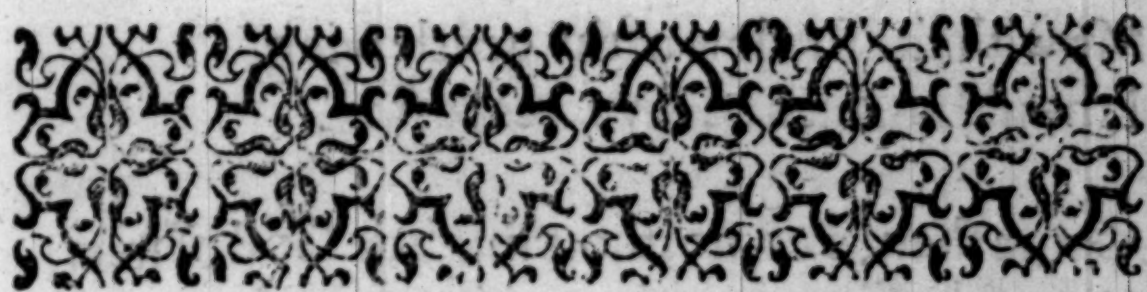
And euen so I pray for your happinesse.

Greenwich this first of September.

1596.

Your Honors most bounden euer
in all humble seruice.

Ed. Sp.



AN HYMNE IN
HONOUR OF
LOVE.

Loue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre,
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doeft tyrannize in euerie weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'assuage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdued.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late, (bred,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me
Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouerspred

A N H Y M N E

Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come then, ô come, thou mightie God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doest sit in *Venus* lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often proued
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nymphs, which oftentimes haue loued
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft, when ye were sorie.

And ye faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your Soueraigne king.

Great

Great god of might, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd,
That doest the Lions and fell Tigers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornefull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare,
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother *Venus* first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares;
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great *Chaos* vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept,
Loue, that had now long time securely slept
In *Venus* lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by *Clotho* being waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heate,
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fyre,
He gan to moue out of his idle seate,
VWeakely at first, but after with desyre
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hyre,
And like fresh Eagle, make his hardie flight
Through all that great wide wast, yet wating light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
 His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
 Then through the world his way he gan to take,
 The world that was not till he did it make;
 Whose sundrie parts he frō them selues did seuer,
 The which before had lyen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge them selues in huge array,
 And with contrary forces to conspyre
 Each against other, by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Loue relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well
 Their contrary dislikes with loued meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe them selues within their sundrie raines,
 Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
 Yet so, as that in euey liuing wight
 They mixe themselves, & shew their kindly might.

So euer since they firmly haue remained,
 And duly well obserued his behest; (ned
 Through which now all these things that are cōtai-
 Within this goodly cope, both most and least
 Their being haue, and dayly are increast,
 Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
 Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.
 Thereby

OF LOVE.

Thereby they all do liue, and moued are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd,
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning fynd:
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted spright,
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly semblant to aspyre:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth desyre
That seemes on earth most heavenly, to embrace,
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heavenly light, then Beauties glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Fraile men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enrauisht bee?

Which well perceiuing that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts; (coy,
Which glancing through the eyes with coūtenāce
Rest not, till they haue pierst the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh vp the lyfe
Of carefull wretches with consuming griefe.

Thenceforth they playne, & make full piteous mone
 Vnto the author of their balefull bane; (grone,
 The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and
 Their liues they loath, and heauens light disdaine;
 No light but that, whose lampe doth yet remaine
 Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
 They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whilst thou tyrant Loue doest laugh & scorne
 At their complaints, making their paine thy play;
 Whylest they lye languishing like thralls forlorne,
 The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay,
 And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
 Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her,
 Whose loue before their life they doe prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
 To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
 With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore
 That whole remaines scarce any little part,
 Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
 Thou hast enfrozen her disdainefull brest,
 That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor vnto thee,
 Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
 Since thou doest shew no fauour vnto mee,
 Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame;
 Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
 Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
 To let her liue thus free, and me to dy.

But

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the most kind preseruer
Of living wights, the soueraine Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious seruour,
Thou doest afflict as well the not deseruer,
As him that doeth thy louely heasts despize,
And on thy subiects most doest tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serue,
That ere thou doest them vnto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will euer swerue,
And mayest them make it better to deserue,
And hauing got it, may it more esteeme,
For things hard gotten, men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heauenly beauties be enfyred,
As things diuine, least passions doe impresse,
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse:
But baseborne myndes such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre,
Such fancies feele no loue, but loose desyre.

For loue is Lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himselfe out of the lowly dust,
On golden plumes vp to the purest skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly sinfull lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen fly,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
 To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre,
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
 The flaming light of that celestiall fyre,
 Which kindleth loue in generous desyre,
 And makes him mount aboue the nat̄ue might
 Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion,
 That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
 And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
 Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
 In his high thought, that would it selfe excell;
 Which he beholding still with constant sight,
 Admires the mirrour of so heauenly light.

VVhose image printing in his deepest wit,
 He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
 Still full, yet neuer satisfyde with it,
 Like *Tantale*, that in store doth sterued ly:
 So doth he pine in most satiety,
 For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
 Once kindled through that first conceiued fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
 Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
 His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
 That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
 In sight whereof, all other blisse seemes vaine.
 Thise happie man, might he the same possesse;
 He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse.

And

OF LOVE.

9

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he him selfe doth weene,
That heauens such happie grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth so heauenly, to haue seene,
His harts enshrined saint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may do, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puissant conquest, what aduenturons paine,
May please her best, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde,
Thou being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he hath eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and speares:
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistlesse hand.

Witnesse *Leander*, in the Euxine waues,
And stout *Aeneas* in the Troiane fyre,
Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaiues,
And *Orpheus* daring to prouoke the yre
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retyre:
For both through heauen & hell thou makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils and these paynes,
He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himselfe he faynes,
Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory,
What euer ill before he did aby,
Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striueth still
T'approch more neare, till in her inmost brest,
He may embosomd bee, and loued best;
And yet not best, but to be lou'd alone,
For loue can not endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
And to his fayning fausie represent
Sights neuer scene, and thousand shadowes vaine,
To breake his sleepe, and waste his ydle braine;
Thou that hast neuer lou'd canst not belecue,
Least part of th'euils which poore louers greeue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes,
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the vnassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a louers life a wretches hell.

Yet

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker worme, that monster Gelosie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monster placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By these, ô Loue, thou doest thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and doest the more endeere,
Thy pleasures vnto those which them partake,
As after stormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The Sunne more bright & glorious doth appeare;
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dost beare vnto thy blisse, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placest in a Paradize
Of all delight, and ioyous happie rest,
Where they doe feede on Nectar heauenly wize,
With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the rest
Of *Venus* dearlings, through her bountie blest,
And lie like Gods in yuorie beds arayd,
With rose and lillies ouer them displayd.

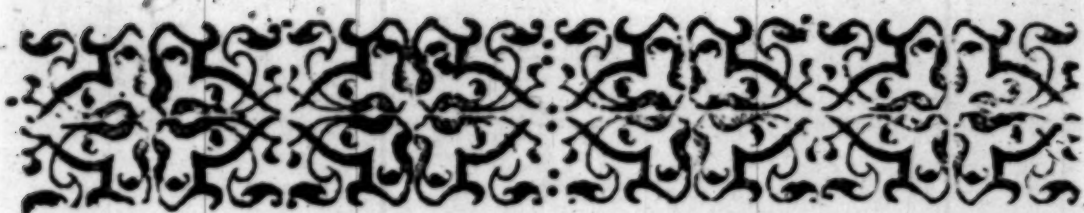
There with thy daughter *Pleasure* they doe play
Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty shame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game, (*Queene*,
Then her they crowne their Goddesse and their
And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wished scope
Of my desire, or might my selfe assure,
That happie port for euer to recure.
Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortall praise
An heauenly Hymne, such as the Angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raise
Boue all the gods, thee onely honoring,
My guide, my God, my victor, and my king;
Till then, dread Lord, vouchsafe to take of me
This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

FINIS.

AN



AN HYMNE. IN HONOUR OF BEAVTIE.

AH whither, Loue, wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindlest much more great desyre,
And vp aloft aboue my strength doest rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to prayse.

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke should frame,
And with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The rauisht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds such foule enchanting
(might.

Therto do thou great Goddesse, queene of Beauty,
Mother of loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whose fouerayne grace and kindly dewty,
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy loue-kindling light,
Tilluminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
 Andeke to her, whose faire immortall beame,
 Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
 That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
 It may so please that she at length will streame
 Some dew of grace, into my withered hart,
 After long sorrow and consuming smart.

(did cast

WHat time this worlds great workmaister
 To make al things, such as we now behold
 It seemes that he before his eyes had plast
 A goodly Paterne to whose perfect mould,
 He fashiond them as comely as he could,
 That now so faire and seemely they appeare,
 As nought may be amended any wheare.

That wondrous Paterne wherefoere it bee,
 Whether in earth layd vp in secret flore,
 Or else in heauen, that no man may it see
 With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
 Is perfect Beautie which all men adore,
 Whose face and feature doth so much excell
 All mortall sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes,
 Or more or lesse by influence diuine,
 So it more faire accordingly it makes,
 And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,
 Which clotheth it, thereafter doth refyne,
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For

For through infusion of celestiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full spirits priuily doth powre
Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
They seeme to please. That is thy soueraine might,
O *Cyprian* Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fyre,
Light of thy lampe, which shyning in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre,
And robs the harts of those which it admyre,
Therewith thou pointest thy Sons poyfined arrow,
That wounds the life, & wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oftimes, we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah, belceue me, there is more then so
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by tryall, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiaall ray
That light proceedes, which kindleth louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
Vnto her natie planet shall retyre,
For it is heauenly borne and can not die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For

For when the soule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely spirits from that fayrest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his fire carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seede is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhyle.

Therof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soueraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be scene,
A pallace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore where euer that thou doest behold
 A comely corpe , with beautie faire endewed,
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule, with faire conditions thewed,
 Fit to receiue the seede of vertue strewed.
 For all that faire is, is by nature good;
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd,
 Or through vnaptnesse in the substance fownd,
 Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd,
 That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
 But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles (ay me the more to rew)
 That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
 Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne;
 Whilest euery one doth seeke and sew to haue it,
 But euery one doth seeke, but to deprauē it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
 But theirs that do abuse it vnto ill:
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
 How euer fleshes fault it filthy make:
 For things immortall no corruption take.

But

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauens light,
Let not your beames with such disparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight,
But mindfull still of your first countries sight,
Doe still preferue your first informed grace,
Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloiall lust, faire beauties foulest blame,
That base affectiōs, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abused name;
But is indeede the bondslaue of defame,
Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
And quēch the light of your bright shyning starre.

But gentle Loue, that loiall is and trew,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display,
Like as two mirrours by opposd reflexion,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admyre their fountaine may,
For else what booteth that celestiall ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be vewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduize,
That likest to your selues ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you loosely loue without respect,
It is no loue, but a discordant warre,
Whose vnlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For Loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likely harts composd of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd since their first descēt
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combyned bee,
But those whom heauen did at first ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beautie which they see,
Streight do not loue: for loue is not so light,
As streight to burne at first beholders sight.

But they which loue indeede, looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes,
A more refyned forme, which they present
Vnto their mind, voide of all blemishment;
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleshes frayle infection.

And

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still
Of that first Sunne, yet sparckling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeede,
And yet indeede her fairenesse doth exceede.

For louers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight
See more then any other eyes can see,
Through mutuall receipt of beames bright,
Which carrie priuie message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
As plaine as light discouers dawning day.

Therein they see through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues still flying too and fro,
Which dart at them their litle fierie launces,
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they go,
Carrying compassion to their louely foe;
Who seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect.

In which how many wonders doe they reede
 To their conceipt, that others neuer see, (feede,
 Now of her smiles, with which their soules they
 Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
 Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
 But when her words embassade forth she sends,
 Lord how sweete musicke that vnto them lends.

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
 A thousand Graces masking in delight,
 Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
 Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their sight
 Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night:
 But on her lips like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, ô *Cytherea*, and thousands more
 Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend
 To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
 That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
 And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
 That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall,
 And spred thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Io triumph*, ô great beauties Queene,
 Aduance the banner of thy conquest hie,
 That all this world, the which thy vassals beene,
 May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie,
 Adore the powre of thy great Maiestie,
 Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
 Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In

OF BEAVTIE.

23

In lieu whereof graunt, ô great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue,
And this same life, which first from me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire *Venus* dearling, my deare dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddesse of my life,
Whē your faire eyes these fearefull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning grieffe,
And shew what wōdrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

D ij



AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Loue, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this base world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things,
Which there thou workest by thy soueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymne may sing
Vnto the god of Loue, high heauens king.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praise of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection moue.
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned haue the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true loue to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire
To reade my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your selues at my wide sparckling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her ashes strowd my dying shame:
For who my passed follies now pursues,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

Before:

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which al things
Are now containd, found any being place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mightie bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Spheres, & parts their houres by space,
That high eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all these things, mou'd in it selfe by loue.

It lou'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it selfe begot
Like to it selfe his eldest sonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues dislike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd.

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright,
Whose kingdomes throne no thought of earthly
Can cōprehēd, much lesse my trēbling verse (wight
With equall words can hope it to reherse.

Yet ô most blessed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall spring of grace and wisedome trew,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright,
Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
That may my rymes with sweet infuse embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace,
 And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
 Things like himselfe, and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood though not in powre so great,
 Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
 An infinite increase of Angels bright,
 All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight,
 Not this round heauē, which we frō hence behold,
 Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold,
 He gaue as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might serue him in eternall blis,
 And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
 About him wait, and on his will depend,
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When he them on his messages doth send,
 Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
 Where they behold the glorie of his light,
 And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
 For he his beames doth still to them extend,
 That darknesse there appeareth neuer none,
 Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse an end,
 But there their termelesse time in pleasure spend,
 Ne euer should their happinesse decay,
 Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But

But pride impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase,
Aboue the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods owne seat without commission:
The brightest Angell, euen the Child of light
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th'Almighty seeing their so bold assay,
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre;
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell,
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers loue,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse vnto all,
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde Pallace, through those Angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new vnknown Colony therein, (begin.
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
 Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
 According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
 Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
 He man did make, and breathd a liuing spright
 Into his face most beautifull and fayre,
 Endewd with wisedomes riches, heauenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
 Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
 Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
 He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
 In whom he might his mightie selfe behould:
 For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to see,
 That like it selfe in louely shape may bee.

But man forgetfull of his makers grace,
 No lesse then Angels, whom he did ensue,
 Fell from the hope of promist heauenly place,
 Into the mouth of death to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw:
 Where they for euer should in bonds remaine,
 Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at first
 Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst,
 In that deepe horror of despeyred hell,
 Him wretch in doole would let no lenger dwell,
 But cast out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out

HEAVENLY LOVE.

29

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
In which he reigned with his glorious syre,
He downe descended, like a most demisse
And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
And him restore vnto that happie state,
In which he stood before his haplesse fate.

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde:
Nor spirit, nor Angell, though they man surpas,
Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
But onely man himselfe, who selfe did flyde.
So taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Reuyling him, that them most vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And slew the iust, by most vniust decree.

O huge and most vnspeakeable impression
Of loues deepe wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And sharply launching euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart;
Doing him die, that neuer it deserued,
To free his foes, that from his heast had swerued.

E

What hart can feele least touch of so sore launch,
 Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound?
 Whose bleeding fource their streames yet neuer
 But stil do flow, & freshly still redound, (staunch,
 To heale the sores of sinfull soules vnfound,
 And clense the guilt of that infected cryme,
 Which was enrooted in all fleshly flyme.

O blessed well of loue, ô floure of grace,
 O glorious Morning starre, ô lampe of light,
 Most liuely image of thy fathers face,
 Eternall King of glorie, Lord of might,
 Meeke lambe of God before all worlds behight,
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this loue,
 But loue of vs for guerdon of thy paine.
 Ay me; what can vs lesse then that behone?
 Had he required life of vs againe,
 Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?
 He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;
 Then life were least, that vs so litle cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
 Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
 As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore hand,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to loue, that vs so dearely bought,
 And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him

HEAVENLY LOVE.

31

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
Who first to vs our life and being gaue;
And after when we fared had amisse,
Vs wretches from the second death did saue;
And last the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen himselfe in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe makers hand,
That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
How euer here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
That we, how euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing that whatsoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reede
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
Shewing vs mercie miserable crew,
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

E ij

Then rouse thy selfe, ô earth, out of thy soyle,
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,
 Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
 Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
 That thou his soueraine bountie mayst behold,
 And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
 Betweene the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
 And in what rags, and in how base aray,
 The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
 When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
 His humble carriage, his vnfaultry wayes,
 His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
 His paines, his pouertie, his sharpe assayes,
 Through which he past his miserable dayes,
 Offending none, and doing good to all,
 Yet being malist both of great and small.

And looke at last how of most wretched wights,
 He taken was, betrayd, and false accused,
 How with most scornfull taunts, & fell despights
 He was reuyld, disgrast, and foule abused, (brused;
 How scourgd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how
 And lastly how twixt robbers crucifyde, (& syde.
 With bitter wounds through hands, through feet
 Then

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleede in euery vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse,
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in griued thought.

With sence whereof whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
And to his foueraine mercie doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him loue, and his behests embrace,
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou must renounce, and vtterly displace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so posselt,
And ravisht with deuouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie on which men do gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy ravisht soule inspired bee
With heauēly thoughts, farre aboue humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th'Idée of his pure glorie present still,
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweete enragement of celestiall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.

FINIS.

AN



AN HYMNE OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

Rapt with the rage of mine own raviſht thought,
Through cōtemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whoſe wōdrous beauty breathing ſweet delights,
Do kindle loue in high conceipted ſprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, ô thou moſt almightie Spright,
From whom all guiſts of wit and knowledge flow,
To ſhed into my breſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth, that I may ſhow
Some litle beames to mortall eyes below,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake diſtraughted mynd I ſee.

That with the glorie of ſo goodly ſight,
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre
Faire ſeeming ſhewes, and feed on vaine delight,
Transported with celeftiall deſyre
Of thoſe faire formes, may liſt themſelues vp hye,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th'easie vew
 Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
 From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
 To contemplation of th'immortall sky,
 Of the soare faulcon so I learne to fly,
 That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
 Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke who list, thy gazefull eyes to feed
 With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame
 Of this wyde *vniverse*, and therein reed
 The endlesse kinds of creatures, which by name
 Thou cāst not coūt, much lesse their natures aime:
 All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
 And all with admirable beautie deckt.

First th'Earth, on adamantine pillers founded,
 Amid the Sea engirt with brasen bands;
 Then th'Aire still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
 On euerie side, with pyles of flaming brands,
 Neuer consum'd nor quencht with mortall hands;
 And last, that mightie shining christall wall,
 Wherewith he hath encompassed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
 That still as euery thing doth vpward tend,
 And further is from earth, so still more cleare
 And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
 Of purest beautie, it at last ascend:
 Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
 And heauen then fire appeares more pure & fayre.
 Looke

HEAVENLY BEAVTIE. 37

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright shynie round still mouing Masse,
The house of blessed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
All fowd with glistring stars more thicke the grasle,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe;
But those two most, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire sway.

And tell me then, what hast thou euer seene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene,
Endure their Captains flaming head to see?
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more then these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas?

For farre aboue these heauens which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no Sunne t'illuminate their spheres,
But their owne natieue light farre passing theirs.

And as these heauens still by degrees arize,
Vntill they come to their first Mouers bound,
That in his mightie compasse doth comprize,
And carrie all the rest with him around,
So those likewise doe by degrees redound,
And rise more faire, till they at last ariue
To the most faire, whereto they all do striue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy soules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe still behold, the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maiestie;
More faire is that, where those *Idees* on hie
Enraunged be, which *Plato* so admyred,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raine
The soueraine *Powres* and mightie *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly *Dominations* are set,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet farre more faire be those bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are ouerdight,
And those eternall burning *Seraphins*,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approch more neare,
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse,
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?

Cease

Cease then my tongue, and lend vnto my mynd
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whose vtmost parts so beautifull I fynd,
How much more those essentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wisdom, and his blis,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himselfe a sight.

Those vnto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking glasse, through which he may
Be scene, of all his creatures vile and base,
That are vnable else to see his face,
His glorious face which glistereth else so bright,
That th' Angels selues can not endure his sight.

But we fraile wights, whose sight cannot sustaine
The Suns bright beames, whē he on vs doth shyne,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maiestie diuine,
In sight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent,
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke,
To reade enregistred in euery nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare,
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mynd,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do
And like the natiue brood of Eagles kynd, (blynd,
On that bright Sunne of glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footestool of his Maiestie,
Throw thy selfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the dred face of that great *Deity*,
For feare, lest if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close couered with the Lambes integrity,
From the iust wrath of his auengefull threate,
That sits vpon the righteous throne on hy:
His throne is built vpon Eternity,
More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse,
With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repressse,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iust;
His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust;
Frō whence proceed her beames so pure & bright;
That all about him sheddeth glorious light.

Light

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke,
Which darted is from *Titans* flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The dark & dampish aire, wherby al things are red:
Whose nature yet so much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wifards, which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine,
Is many thousand times more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare:
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beames doe
(breed.

With the great glorie of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnfound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found,
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his auenging yre.

There in his bosome *Sapience* doth sit,
The soueraine dearling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty.
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in signe of highest soueraignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the euer-mouing sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulnesse which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remaine,
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through obseruation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still increast.

The fairenesse of her face no tongue can tell,
For she the daughters of all wemens race,
And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictured *Venus* with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admyred it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she her selfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits do fayne,
Could once come neare this beauty souerayne.

But

But had those wits the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweete *Teian* Poet which did spend
His plenteous vaine in setting forth her prayse,
Seene but a glims of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world shold with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her soneraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens king.
Enough is me t'admyre so heauenly thing,
And being thus with her huge loue posselt,
In th'only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But who so may, thrise happie man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiall face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For she out of her secret treasury,
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receaue,
And letteth them her louely face to see,
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceaue,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasy,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that fillles the brasen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine,
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes to paine,
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And

HEAVENLY BEAVTIE.

45

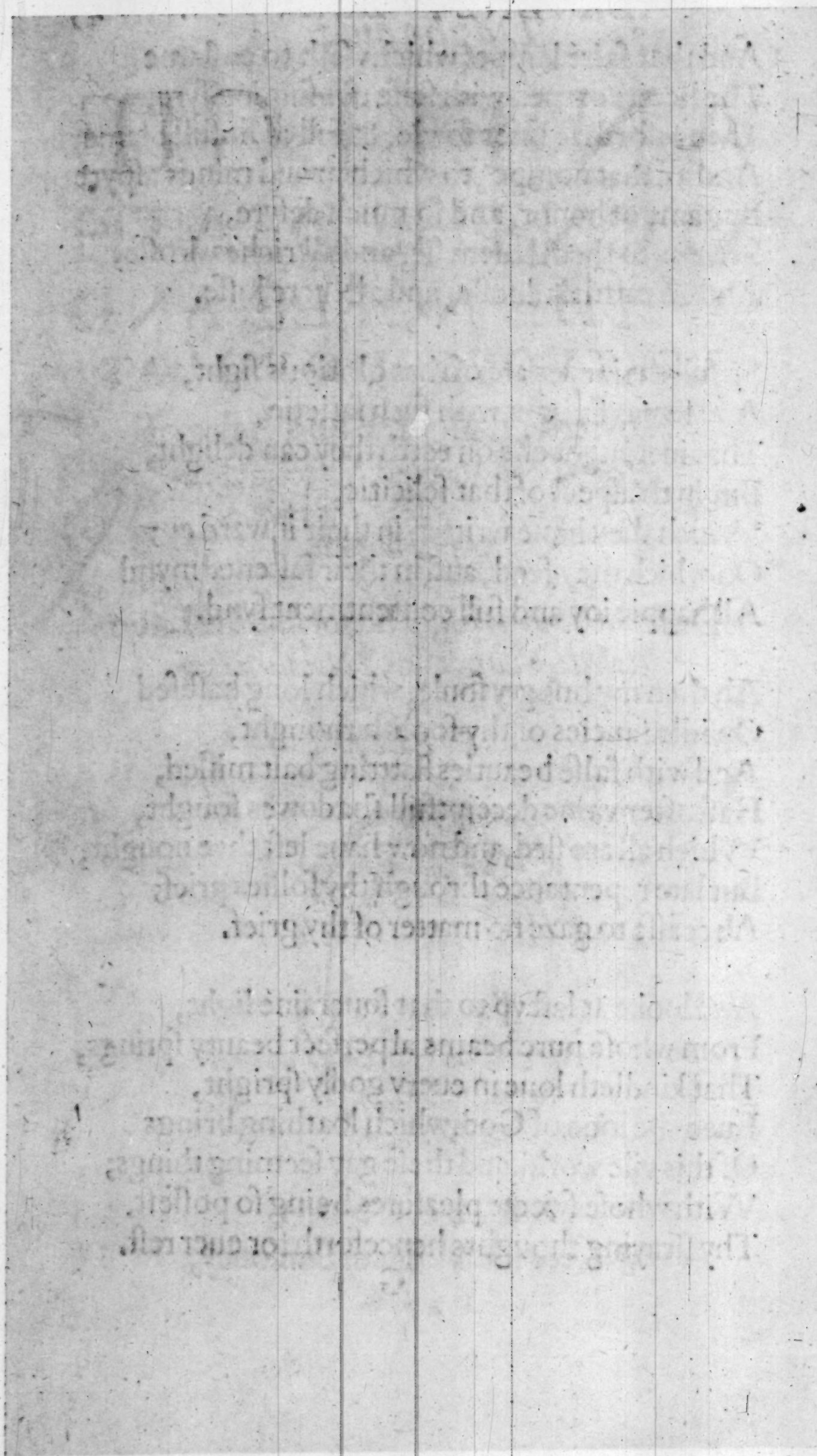
And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe consuming fyre,
Thenceforth seemes fowle, & full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe, to which proud minds aspyre
By name of honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward ey;
On which they feed, and in their fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And with false beauties flattring bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah cease to gaze no matter of thy grief.

And looke at last vp to that soueraine light,
From whose pure beams al perfect beauty springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay seeming things;
With whose sweete pleasures being so possesst,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

G



Daphnaïda.

AN ELEGIE
VPON THE DEATH
OF THE NOBLE AND
VERTVOVS DOUGLAS

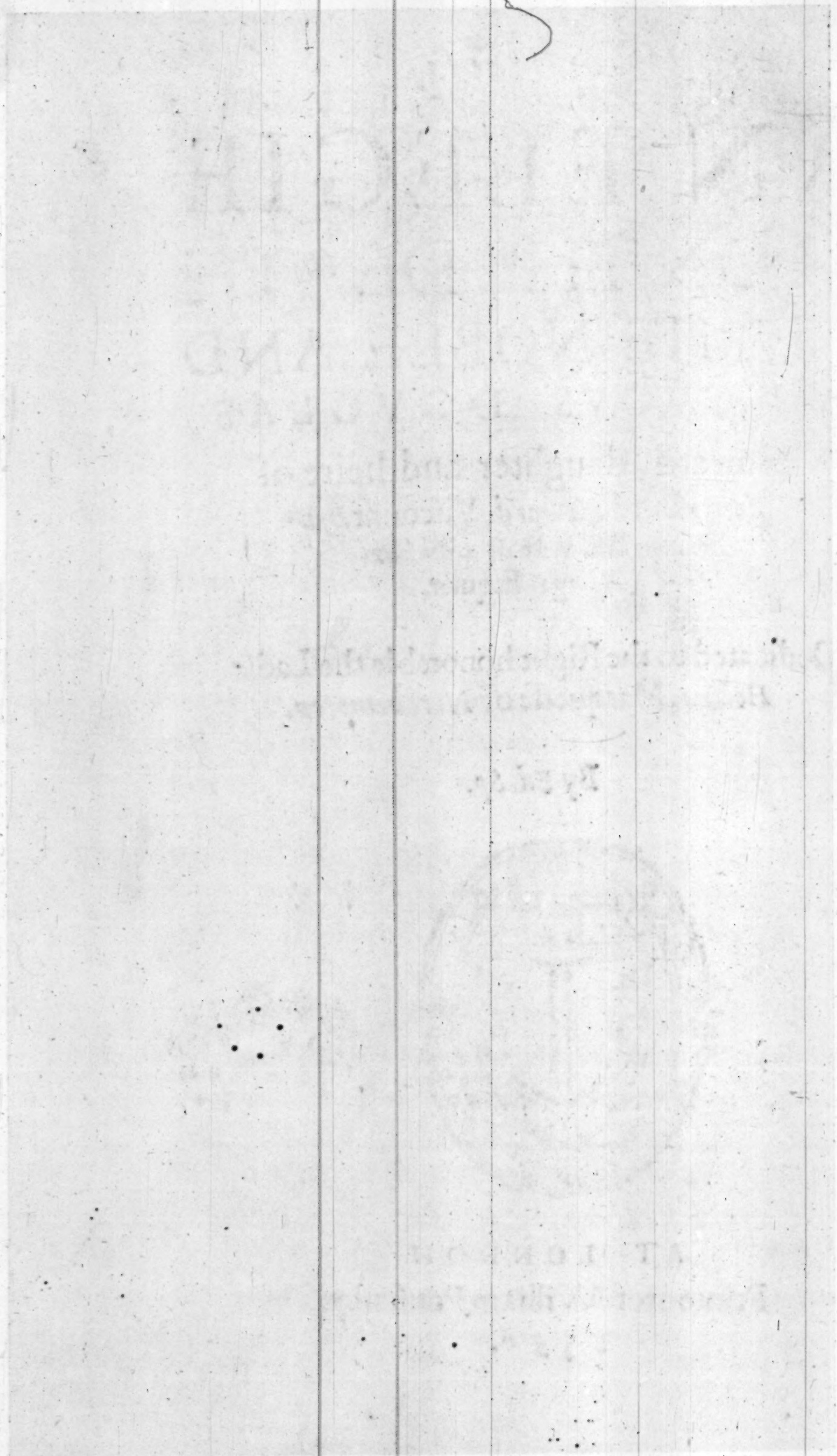
Howard, daughter and heire of
Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byn-
don, and wife of Arthur
Gorges Esquier.

Dedicated to the Right honorable the Ladie
Helena, Marquesse of Northampton.

By *Ed. Sp.*



AT LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonby,
1596.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VER-

tuous Lady *Helena Marquesse* of
North-hampton.



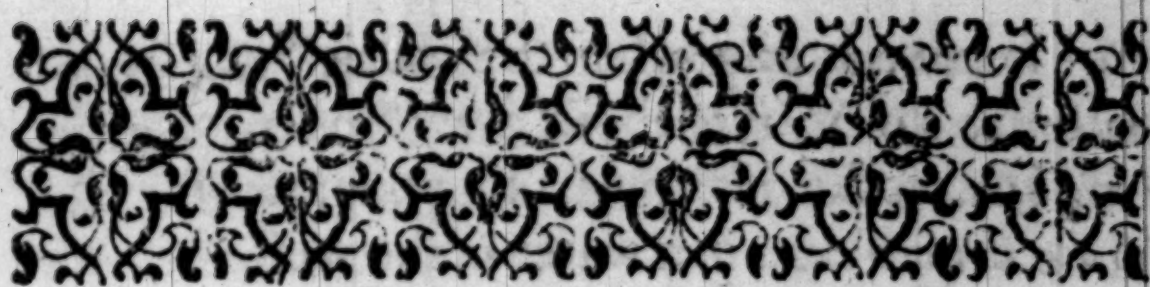
*Have the rather presumed hum-
bly to offer unto your Honour
the dedication of this little
Poëme, for that the noble and
vertuous Gentlewoman of whom
it is written, was by match neere
alied, and in affection greatly
devoted unto your Ladiship. The
occasion why I wrote the same, was aswell the great
good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the par-
ticular goodwill which I beare unto her husband Ma-
ster Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue,
whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honou-
red, so doe I find the name of them by many notable re-
cords, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and such
as have ever borne themselves with honoarable reputa-
tion to the world, & unspotted loyaltie to their Prince
and Countrey: besides so lineally are they descended
from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard,
eldest daughter to Iohn Duke of Norfolke, was wife*

THE EPISTLE.

*to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grand-
mother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges
Knights. And therefore I doe assure my selfe, that
no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most
gratefull to your Ladship, whose husband and chil-
dren do so neerely participate with the bloud of that
noble family. So in all dutie I recomende this Pam-
phlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your ho-
nourable fauour and protection. London this first of
Iauuarie. 1591.*

Your Honours humbly euer.

Ed. Sp.



DAPHNAIDA.

WHat euer man he be, whose heauie mynd
With grieve of mournfull great mishap
opprest,

Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliue;
Euen sad *Alcyon*, whose empierced brest,
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riue.

But who so else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heauilie can sing;
For euen their heauie song would breede delight:
But here no tunes, saue sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweete harmonic,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threeds of destinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands;
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
 After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
 And sweatie steedes now hauing ouer run
 The compast skie, gan water in the west,
 I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
 In open fields, whose flowring pride opprest
 With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
 Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse,
 Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
 Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauinesse,
 Which she conceiued hath through meditation
 Of this worlds vainnesse, and lifes wretchednesse,
 That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.

So as I muzed on the miserie
 In which men liue, and I of many most,
 Most miserable man; I did espie
 Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
 Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray:
 And *Iaakob* staffe in hand deuoutly crost,
 Like to some Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His carelesse lockes, vncombed and vnshorne,
 Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
 That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne;
 Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne
 As loathing light: and euer as he went,
 He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
 As if his heart in peeces would haue rent.

Approa-

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
 And by the semblant of his countenaunce,
 Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard swaine,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
 And fill with pleasance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
 I softlie sayd, *Alcyon*? There withall
 He lookt a fide as in disdainefull wise,
 Yet stayed not: till I againe did call.
 Then turning back, he saide with hollow sound,
 Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulnesse impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
 And giuen like cause with thee to waile and wepe:
 Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare,
 Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle shepheard stay
 (Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie care
 Committed, what thee dooth so ill apay.

Cease foolish man (saide he halfe wrothfully)
 To seeke to heare that which cannot be told:
 For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
 My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
 Ne doo I care, that any should bemoane
 My hard mishap or any weepe that would,
 But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
 To die alone, vn pitied, vnplained,
 Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
 To tell the cause, which thee thereto constrained:
 Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
 And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
 That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
 From the strong shackles of fraile flesh (quoth he)
 Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
 Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
 Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
 Than question made of his calamitie,
 For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my grieffe,
 And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought;
 (Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
 For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
 I will to thee this heauie case relate,
 Then harken well till it to end be brought,
 For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well doest know)
 My little flocke on westernne downes to keepe.
 Not far from whence *Sabrinæ's* streame doth flow,
 And flowrie bancks with siluer liquor steepe:
 Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
 For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
 And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

It.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the native Rose before the chaunge,
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impresse.
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight;
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome scene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and saluage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions hayre,
And of the race, that all wild beastes do feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

Safe then and safest were my fillie sheepe,
 Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:
 All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe:
 My louely Lionesse without beheast
 So careful was for them, and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
 And oft their lasses which my luck enuyde,
 Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
 To see my Lyonesse, whose prailes wyde
 Where spred abroad, and when her worthinesse
 Much greater than the rude report they try'de,
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I lloyd in my happinesse,
 And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
 But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
 Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
 That glories most in mortall miseries,
 And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
 A cruell Satyre with his murderous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
 Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
 And rest from me my sweete companion,
 And rest from me my loue, my life, my hart:
 My Lyonesse (ah woe is me) is gon.

Out .

Out of the world thus was she reft away,
 Out of the world, vnworthy fuch a spoyle;
 And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray:
 Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle
Alcides flew, and fixt in firmament;
 Her now I feeke throughout this earthly foyle,
 And seeking miffe, and miffing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afrefh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heauie plight,
 Could not abftain mine eyes with teares to fteepe:
 But when I faw the anguish of his fpright
 Some deale alaid, I him befpoke againe.
 Certes *Alcyon*, painefull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderftand
 The riddle of thy loued Lionefse;
 For rare it feemes in reason to be skand,
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poffeffe
 Should to a beaft his noble hart embafe,
 And be the vaffall of his vaffaleffe:
 Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull cafe.

Then fighing fore, *Daphne* thou kneweft (quoth he)
 She now is dead; ne more endur'd to fay:
 But fell to ground for great extremitie,
 That I beholding it, with deepe difmay
 Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
 Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
 All were my felfe through grief in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
 And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
 But he thereby was more empaiionate:
 As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,
 Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
 And breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely plained.

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire,
 Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
 Which so vniustly do their iudgements share;
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
 The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected?
 Or why be they themselues immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,
 Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
 Yet she in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiall grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind;
 She did excell and seem'd of Angels race,
 Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
 Adorn'd with wisedome and with chastitie:
 And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beutie much more beautifie.

No

No age hath bred (since faire *Astrea* left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And when she parted hence, with her she left
Great hope; and robd her race of bountie quight:
Well may the sheheard lasses now lament,
For double losse by her hath on them light;
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let *Elisa* royall Sheheardesse
The praises of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse,
Powr'd vpon her, like showers of *Castaly*
By her owne Sheheard, *Colin* her own Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rusticke muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
Mine, ah not mine; amisse I mine did say:
Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for ay:
O that so faire a flowre so soone should fade,
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whilst yet her leafe was greene, & fresh her rinde,
And whilst her braunch faire blossomes foorth did
She fell away against all course of kinde: (bring,
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blowne downe with winde:
Weepe Sheheard weepe to make my vnder-song.

2 What hart so stonie hard, but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
 What *Timon*, but would let compassion creepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares?
 In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
 I wasted haue, my heart bloud dropping weares,
 To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
 Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyl'd with trauell downe doth lye,
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
 The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
 And soule asloild from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
 She all resolu'd and readie to remone,
 Calling to me (ay me) this wise bespake;
Alcyon, ah my first and latest lone,
 Ah why does my *Alcyon* weepe and mourne,
 And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
 As if to me had chaunst some euill tourne?

I, since the messenger is come for mee,
 That summons soules vnto the bridale feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his soueraine behest:
 Why should *Alcyon* then so sore lament,
 That I from miserie shall be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our

DAPHNAIDA.

61

Our daies are full of colour and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, sorrie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?

I goe, and long desired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,
But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My young *Ambrosia*, in lieu of mee
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long:
So hauing said, away she softly past: (song.
Weepe Shepheard weepe, to make mine vnder-

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possesst,
The first beginners of my endlesse care;

And when those pallid cheekes and ashie hew,
 In which sad death his pourtraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
 I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued vnto it;
 How happie was I then, and wretched now?

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
 The Shepheards daughters dauncing in arownd?
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grasse with rosy garland crownd?
 And when she list aduance her heavenly voyce,
 Both Nymphes & Muses nigh she made astownd,
 And flocks and shepheards caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard lasses, who shall lead
 Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
 Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead.
 That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
 Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
 And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes;
 And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight;
 Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
 Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
 To idle pleasance: but let ghastlinesse
 And drearie horror dim the chearefull light,
 To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
 And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:
 Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
 And parching drouth drie vp the christall wells;
 Let th'earth be barren and bring foorth no flowres,
 And th'ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
 And wandering spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurse of euery liuing thing,
 Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of vglinesse:
 For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but Stepdame, cruell, mercilesse,
 Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderfong.

4 My litle flocke, whom earst I lou'd so well,
 And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
 Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Astrofell*,
 And stinking Smallage, and vnfauerie Rew;
 And when your mawes are with those weeds cor:
 Be ye the pray of VVolues: ne will I rew, (rupted,
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worse to you my fillie sheepe I pray,
 Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
 To carelesse heauens I doo daylie call:
 But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
 And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
 Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrightheous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,
By liuing long to multiplie their paine:
Els surely death should be no punishment,
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away;
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me vnworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her according their decree,
And to her ghost doe seruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throuhout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the teares which from mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd:
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And the my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne,
(In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorrow satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'euens with long languor pacifyde,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance mecke,
Will send for me; for which I daylie long,
And will tell then my painfull penance ecke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe to make my vnderfong.

5 Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but grieve of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

I hate the heauen, because it doth withhold
Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, because fighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies.

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my loue to see;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine cares:
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numb'd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
The one, because as I they wretched are,
The other, for because I doo not finde
My loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer too and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedfast round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,
Driuen with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing still does dye.

So doo I liue, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine,
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdain?
Weepe Sheheard weepe to make my vnder-song.
Who

6 Why doo I longer liue in lifes despight?
And doo not dye then in despight of death:
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall euer wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
Throghout the world, with wofull heauie thought;
So will I trauell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
 Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more;
 Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore,
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
 With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starre to fall,
 And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
 Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call,
 How my faire Starre (that shined on me so bright)
 Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground;
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
 And night without a *Venus* starre is found.

But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
 And calls foorth men vnto their toylsome trade,
 I will withdraw me to some darke some place,
 Or some deere cave, or solitarie shade,
 There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
 Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnder song.

7 Henceforth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
 Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
 Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight:
 For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
 Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
 But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

And

And ye fond men, on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only v'fance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

And ye true Louers, whom defaustrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that desert place,
Lamenting loud my *Daphnes* Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,
When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen vnto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flockes on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, than did me succeed,
Remember yet my vnderferued paines,
And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines;
That sad *Alcyon* dyde in lifes disdain.

And ye faire Damsels Shepheards deare delights,
 That with your loues do their rude hearts possesse,
 When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesses,
 And euer sprinkle brackish teares among,
 In pitie of my vnder seru'd distresse,
 The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with restless toyle
 Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
 Till that you come, where ye your vowes assoyle,
 When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
 On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
 And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
 Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vnder song.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
 The heauiest plaint that euer I heard found,
 His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
 Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
 Amouued him out of his stonie swound,
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
 But casting vp disdainfull eie at me,
 That in his trance I would not let him lie,
 Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,
 As one disposed wilfullie to die,
 That I fore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho

DAPHNAIDA.

71

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouerpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
I him desyrde, sith daie was ouercast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd, which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leaue he foorth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that death he in the face had scene,
Or hellish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became I cannot weene.

FINIS.